EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:
Patrick Hasburgh
Clifton Campbell

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"Depths of Deceit"

By

Lee Goldberg

&

William Rabkin

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SEAQUEST 2032

"Depths of Deceit"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW CALIFORNIA - DAY (CGI)

A massive BOMBER, the 2032 equivalent of the stealth bomber, cruises over the ocean and towards land. As it passes high over the coastline, its bomb bay doors open, revealing MULTIPLE MISSILES inside.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

CHRYON: DEON INTERNATIONAL HQ. GAMBIA ABYSSAL PLAIN, MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE. One side of the long conference table is lined with UEO officials; the other with Deon executives. A stony-faced McGath stares at a nervous TECHIE, who works a computer screen.

MCGATH
Do we have confirmation?

TECHIE
It's an Octavian-class bomber, sir, heading directly for New San Diego. Full payload.

EXT. BOMBER (CGI)

The bomber releases its cargo, dropping bomb after bomb down towards the defenseless ground below.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARDROOM - DAY

The techie looks up from his screen, ashen.

TECHIE
Payload released, sir. Impact in thirty seconds.

PARMENTER, a Deon executive, steps up to McGath.

PARMENTER
Not a lot you can do in thirty seconds with current UEO defenses.

MCGATH
I'm well aware of the situation.

Parmenter slowly, all eyes on him, HITS A SWITCH on the techie's console.

EXT. SPACE (CGI)

An ominous-looking space platform orbits the Earth, bristling with lasers and other weapons. As it turns slowly, we can see the giant DEON LOGO on the side. A LASER CANNON on the side aims and fires BURSTS OF RED LIGHT.

THE BOMBER (CGI)

is hit by the laser blast and EXPLODES. Other laser blasts take out all the bombs before they hit their targets.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Parmenter beams at the display.

TECHIE
Drones destroyed.

McGath smiles and shakes Parmenter's hand, then turns to the UEO officials.

MCGATH
A space-based missile defense system has been every peace-loving nation's dream for most of a century. We owe Deon Corporation our gratitude for making it a reality with the Deon Platform.

There's applause from the UEO side of the table.

MCGATH
When can we expect delivery of the control system to our installation?

Parmenter shoots a nervous look at his fellow Deon-ites.

PARMENTER
Frankly, the board of directors of Deon International has become concerned about maintaining the balance of power. So we have decided to retain control of the platform.

There's pandemonium from the UEO side of the room.

MCGATH
The UEO <u>paid</u> for the platform.

PARMENTER
And we're prepared to offer you a full refund. Or, you can apply that money to Deon's new security service. $40 million a month brings you the special kind of protection that only the Deon platform can provide.

MCGATH
We had a deal.

PARMENTER
With our former chairman, Larry Deon, and I'm sure he'd stand by his agreement. Unfortunately, Mr. Deon is still in a coma ⁂ and the company has a new chairman.

MCGATH
Let me talk to him.

That's when the doors at the far end of the room swing open and ALEXANDER BOURNE strides in.

BOURNE
We can talk all you like, but my decision is final. Deon International ⁂ my company ⁂ will retain control of the space platform.

And as McGath stares in shock:

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

A patch of blue sea, over which we CHYRON: MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE, FIFTY MILES NORTH OF THE MACRONESIAN BORDER. An instant later, A DEON SUB streaks past, chased by a Macronesian lysander-class sub, spitting LASERS.

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI/STOCK

Cruising through the water at a rapid clip.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

The crew is on alert.

O'NEILL
(off his console:)
A Deon sub is fleeing across the free zone, a Lysander-class in pursuit.

LUCAS
Scanning the Deon sub...
(then, shocked:)
Sir, there's not a weapon on it. The Alliance is attacking a defenseless ship.

HUDSON
Bring us around, Mr. Piccolo.
(to Henderson:)
Lock weapons on the attack sub. Make sure their sensors pick it up.

Henderson nods, she understands.

FORD
Sir, with all due respect, do we really want to risk an international incident to help Larry Deon?

HUDSON
Not Deon, Commander. Helpless refugees. When Bourne started nationalizing Deon's colonies, thousands of innocent employees were left homeless.
(then:)
Besides, it's called the Free Zone for a reason ▓ and I
(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)
intend to keep it that way.

HENDERSON
Weapons locked, sir.

HUDSON
(to O'Neill:)
Are they breaking off their attack?

O'NEILL
No, sir.

And on Hudson's consternation:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

A LASER from the Lysander cuts into the Deon sub, causing it to spin out of control, VEERING off OUT-CROPPINGS and SCRAPING the OCEAN FLOOR.

INT. BRIDGE

O'NEILL
The Deon sub has been hit. It's out of control.

Hudson has lost patience.

HUDSON
(to Henderson:)
Fire at will.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The SeaQuest looms protectively over the Deon sub and FIRES TORPEDOES at the pursuing Lysander sub... which makes a futile attempt at evasion before it's hit...and EXPLODES. The Deon sub skids along the ocean floor, grinding to a stop in the silt, BUBBLES rising from its SCORCHED HULL.

INT. BRIDGE

HENDERSON
Lysander destroyed, sir.

HUDSON
The Deon sub?

O'NEILL
It's hit bottom, sir. The crew reports minor injuries and a hull breach in their engineering deck. They're
(MORE)

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
sealing it off.

FORD
(into comm:)
Bridge to Med Bay ⁂ Rescue party to the launch bay two on the double.

HUDSON
See to their needs, Mr. Ford. Offer whatever assistance we can.

FORD
Yes, sir.

Ford hurries out.

HUDSON
(to O'Neill:)
Get me McGath. In my quarters.

Hudson marches off.

INT. SEAQUEST - CAFETERIA

Dagwood faces the camera and says:

DAGWOOD
Hi, Rachel. It's me, Dagwood.
(then:)
I miss you.

ANGLE WIDENS to show Dagwood is facing an EMPTY VIDLINK which simply shows the word "recording." He stops, frustrated and hits a switch. Piccolo, watching from a distance, comes up Dagwood.

PICCOLO
What was that?

DAGWOOD
I'm trying to send a message to my friend Rachel but I can't get it right.

PICCOLO
You mean, like a love letter?

DAGWOOD
(embarrassed:)
I don't know.

Piccolo smiles and puts his arm around Dagwood.

PICCOLO
Relax, Dagwood, you came to the master.

DAGWOOD
I didn't come to you.

PICCOLO
Here's what you say: Rachel, you are one hot Dagger babe. I want you so much, I'm scratching the walls.

DAGWOOD
Why would I scratch the walls?

PICCOLO
Trust me, she'll love it. She'll be eating out of your hand.

Dagwood looks at his hand and smiles.

DAGWOOD
I'd like that.

Piccolo claps Dagwood on the back and moves on.

INT. SEAQUEST - HUDSON'S QUARTERS

Hudson paces, McGath is on the vid-link.

HUDSON
While Larry Deon has been laying in a coma, President Bourne has been "nationalizing" all of Deon's Macronesian colonies. Refugees have been spilling over the border into the free zone for weeks.

MCGATH
Captain...

Hudson plows on. He's not going to let this bureaucrat deprive him of his say.

HUDSON
These are innocent, unarmed civilians Bourne is shooting at -- their only crime was accepting a paycheck from Larry Deon. They don't deserve to die for that. Politics be damned, this has got to stop.

MCGATH
I agree, Captain.

Hudson is taken aback.

HUDSON
You do?

McGath can't help but be a bit amused.

MCGATH
What did you expect me to say?

HUDSON
Stop meddling in internal, Macronesian politics and shut the hell up.

MCGATH
President Bourne's behavior is an affront to decency and basic human rights. We can't just stand by and watch while people die.

HUDSON
He's been massacring dissidents in the Romanche plain for months and the UEO didn't care. What's the difference now?

Hudson's got McGath nailed on that one.

MCGATH
The colonies aren't the only Deon holdings Bourne has taken since the assassination attempt. He's making a play for control of the Deon Platform.

HUDSON
We can't let that happen.

MCGATH
I'll handle the platform, you keep the peace in the free zone.
(then:)
Capt. Windom and the Navis-19 Cobra will arrive in four hours to assist you. McGath out.

Hudson stares contemplatively at the dead vid-link and we CUT TO:

EXT. DEON INTERNATIONAL HQ - CGI/STOCK

CHYRON: DEON INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE, GAMBIA ABYSSAL PLAIN.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - DEON'S OFFICE

Bourne wanders around the incredibly luxurious office, amused. STASSI, much less so, tries to speak seriously.

BOURNE
Perhaps I should have stayed out of politics and entered the private sector to begin with.

STASSI
Sir?

BOURNE
Look around. I used to think my presidential palace was sumptuous, but Larry Deon's office puts me to shame.

STASSI
I was raised to believe that we Macronesians had a higher calling than personal luxury, Mr. President.

BOURNE
True. And yet, how can our people feel good about their country knowing a computer salesman has such a higher standard of living than their leader?

Bourne goes to the built-in refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of very expensive champagne, popping it open.

BOURNE
Perhaps I should raise taxes to remodel the palace. Call it national pride surtax.

STASSI
On top of the 80 percent we're already taking to finance our war machine?

Bourne pours himself a glass of champagne and settles into Deon's chair.

BOURNE
Is that disapproval I hear in your voice, General?

STASSI
With all due respect, sir.

BOURNE
Such an amusing phrase. Seemingly so fraught with meaning, and finally so utterly without.
(turns cold)
Speak your mind.

Stassi considers the alternatives, then does as he's told.

STASSI
Our troops have been unable to quiet the unrest in our colonies along the free zone, particularly in the Romanche Plain. And the refugee problem is only making it worse.

BOURNE
A little nerve gas should bring some peace and quiet.

STASSI
A temporary peace that will breed a million martyrs, sir.
(then:)
Our people are going hungry to finance your drive for world domination.

BOURNE
We are all making sacrifices for the greater good.

STASSI
The people are wearying of sacrifice. They're beginning to listen to the seditious lies of the dissident underground.

BOURNE
We have ways of dealing with traitors, General.

STASSI
How many? A thousand? A hundred thousand? Ten million?

BOURNE
If necessary.

STASSI
It won't be ▓ if you remind the people what it is we're fighting for. They need to believe we have a common enemy, but all they hear about are refugees fleeing from the Deon colonies we're pillaging.

BOURNE
Cleansing. The people understand the need to purify our newly acquired properties.

STASSI
No, sir, they only understand their own need for food and medicine. They love you, sir, but you're neglecting them. Devote yourself to Macronesia's internal problems, and stop this drive for conquest until you have solved them.

Bourne fixes Stassi with a steely gaze.

BOURNE
It is Macronesia's destiny to rule the world, and I will see that destiny fulfilled soon. Until then, any internal problems are your responsibility. Dismissed.

Stassi salutes, turns on his heel, and marches out, keeping his thoughts off his face. Bourne settles back in his chair, another problem solved.

INT. SEAQUEST - WARD ROOM

Hudson meets with Lucas and Ford.

FORD
I don't see what Bourne hopes to gain by creating a refugee crisis, especially while he's trying to quash a dissident movement.

HUDSON
He's nationalizing Deon's holdings to destabilize the
(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)
company and cause share prices to plummet.

FORD
So he can secretly buy it up on the cheap. But why?

LUCAS
The Deon Platform. A military satellite, developed for the UEO, capable of vaporizing any target on the face of the earth -- from a single human being on a street corner to an entire undersea colony.

Ford is floored.

HUDSON
The refugees are a ploy. His fleet is amassing along the free zone under the pretense of securing his borders. I think once he has control of the Platform, he'll invade.
(then:)
What are our options, gentlemen?

Ford and Lucas share a look. There aren't any.

FORD
Outside of doing our best to defend the border, nothing sir.

HUDSON
I refuse to accept that.

LUCAS
Even with SeaQuest, we are no match for the Alliance fleet and the Platform.

HUDSON
Then we have to make sure he doesn't get it.

FORD
How?

Hudson paces anxiously.

HUDSON
I'll find a way.

FORD
It's politics, Captain. It's out of our league.

HUDSON
(to Lucas:)
I want you to start looking for a way to disable the Platform.

LUCAS
All the specs are classified. I'll be working entirely from guess-work. It's not going to be easy, sir.

HUDSON
If it was easy, I'd do it.

That's when O'Neill's voice comes over the COMM.

O'NEILL
The Navis-19 Cobra has arrived, sir. Capt. Windom is requesting permission to board.

HUDSON
By all means.
(to others:)
That will be all.

They leave. And on Hudson, deep in thought.

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI

The NAVIS-19 COBRA maintains position a short distance away from SeaQuest. It's a sleek, deadly battleship, second only to SeaQuest in size and power.

INT. SEAQUEST - HUDSON'S QUARTERS

as Hudson hands a drink to CAPTAIN ANDREW WINDOM, 40s, Hudson's contemporary and perhaps even more military than he is.

HUDSON
Forty year old, single malt scotch. I've been saving it for a special occasion.

WINDOM
Like rubbing an old friend's nose in your new command.

HUDSON
Exactly.

They toast.

HUDSON
Just like you did when you won the Cobra, flagship of the UEO fleet.

WINDOM
I gave you the XO chair but instead you chose to prowl the ocean in a moth-balled hauler, obsessed with a boat you'd never find. You were insane.

HUDSON
I found her.

WINDOM
In a cornfield.

Hudson shrugs.

HUDSON
She's everything I knew she'd be... and more.

WINDOM
And with SeaQuest back, I might as well be commanding a hauler.

They share a friendly smile, enjoying the simple pleasure of one another's company for a moment.

HUDSON
I'm glad you're here, Andrew. It's up to us to stop Alexander Bourne.

WINDOM
The world is going to hell, Oliver, and there's nothing we can do about it. We're soldiers, Oliver. Alexander Bourne is beyond the reach of men like us. We just clean up the mess.

Something occurs to Hudson. He sets down his glass and goes to the comm unit.

HUDSON
Mr. Ford, order me up a shuttle.

FORD
Sir?

HUDSON
Just do it.

Hudson clicks off the unit.

WINDOM
Was it something I said?

HUDSON
As a matter of fact, it was. I'll be back in 24 hours. In the mean time, Commander Ford is in charge.

Hudson claps Windom on the back and leaves.

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - DAY

CHYRON: NEW ORLEANS. A GLORIOUS MANSION stands at the end of a tree-lined drive. A sign over the gate tells us this estate is TWELVE OAKS. The 2032 equivalent of a jeep pulls up under the sign.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Hudson, dress uniform, in the passenger seat, reaches for the door handle.

HUDSON
This is far enough.

DRIVER
Do you want me to wait here?

HUDSON
How about I wait here and you go in?

The driver gives him a puzzled look. Hudson scowls.

HUDSON
I'll call the base if I need a ride.

Hudson gets out of the jeep, which zooms away, and stands under the sign, thinking, hesitating, not wanting to go up. Then he does, walking purposefully up the drive.

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - MANSION - DAY

The mansion is even more spectacular as you get close. As Hudson comes to the front door, it swings open and a WELL-DRESSED, ELDERLY MAN flies out, his face full of joy,

ELDERLY MAN
Oliver!

Hudson studies the older man, torn between conflicting emotions.

HUDSON
Ben. It's good to see you again.

The older man ▒ Ben ▒ throws his arms around Hudson and hugs him. The he pulls back and gives Hudson a serious look.

BEN
He's in the conservatory.

He opens the door and lets Hudson in.

INT. TWELVE OAKS - GREENHOUSE - DAY

More like a palace for exotic plants. Ben leads Hudson past rows of rare orchids until they find CHARLES, 70s, stronger and more powerful than a man his age has any right to be, tending to a row of "Ladyslippers".

HUDSON
All this from one sanderianum seed you found in Borneo and carried back in your shoe.

Charles freezes, puts down his pruners, and rises to face Hudson.

CHARLIE
You'd be surprised what you can accomplish in twenty years.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES
Welcome home, son.

And on Hudson's mixed feelings:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. TWELVE OAKS - GARAGE - DAY

A massive TEN CAR garage, which contains mostly futuristic cars of the POST-2000 ERA. One car, however, is under a tarp. Hudson and Charles stand beside it. Hudson whips off the tarp to reveal a MINT-CONDITION, RED 1966 TRIUMPH. Hudson can't help but smile.

HUDSON
My '66 Triumph.

CHARLES
Just the way you left it, son, though I took a couple of the dings out.

HUDSON
There were never any dings.
(then:)
Shame gasoline is illegal.

CHARLES
Not for everybody. She's got a full tank.

Charles dangles the keys in front of him. Suddenly Hudson's pleasure evaporates.

HUDSON
No, thank you.

Charles, however, is amused.

CHARLES
Still as self-righteous as you always were.

HUDSON
And you still see yourself living in a rarefied world above everyone else, making up your own rules as you go along.

CHARLES
You're no different. Only I use my influence, and you use SeaQuest or your fists. But I guess this time, neither will get you what you want.

Hudson is taken aback. Is he that transparent?

HUDSON
What makes you say that?

CHARLES
You'd never apologize ⁂ and since the only other reason you'd come back is my funeral, you must need me for something.

They start walking through the garage, Charles admiring his collection. Hudson swallows his pride...and that isn't easy.

HUDSON
You have stock in Deon International.

CHARLES
Want some? With Bourne grabbing Deon's Macronesian operations, they're giving the stock away at just $3000 a share.
(then:)
Of course, that would mean dipping into your trust fund for the first time.

HUDSON
Do you have enough power to stop Alexander Bourne?

CHARLES
Why would I want to do that?

HUDSON
Because if he gets his hands on the Deon Platform, it could irrevokably tip the global balance of power.

CHARLES
Maybe it's time it tipped. The world economy hasn't exactly thrived under the UEO.

It's all Hudson can do to control his rage.

HUDSON
Bourne is a vicious dictator who leads by oppression and terror. If he succeeds, freedom and democracy will only exist in history books. This isn't about money.

CHARLES
It's always about money, son. I thought you'd learned that by now.
(then:)
Isn't that why you're here?

Charles has him on that one, and Hudson knows it.

CHARLES
If you want my help, you'll have to ask for it.

HUDSON
Will you help me?

CHARLES
Yes. Not for the UEO, and not to stop Bourne ※ I'll do it for you. But we'll do it my way, is that clear?

Hudson nods. Charles smiles.

CHARLES
It's good to have you back, Oliver.

And on Hudson's discomfort, we CUT TO:

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI

holding position, the Cobra alongside a short distance away.

INT. SEAQUEST - HENDERSON'S QUARTERS

Henderson opens the door to reveal Dagwood.

DAGWOOD
Could I ask you a question?

HENDERSON
Of course. Come in.

DAGWOOD
I asked Tony, but I don't know he really knew the answer. I'm want to send a message to my friend Rachel. But I don't know what to say.

Henderson smiles.

HENDERSON
Whatever is in your heart.

Dagwood doesn't get it.

HENDERSON
What a woman wants to know are your feelings -- told with tenderness and care.

DAGWOOD
I like her.

HENDERSON
Then say: when you see her, your spirit soars, free and wondrous.

DAGWOOD
I miss her.

HENDERSON
Without her, you're breathing but you aren't truly alive.

DAGWOOD
I want her to eat out of my hand.

That takes Henderson by surprise.

HENDERSON
I think you've got to work this out on your own.

That's when we go into RED ALERT, ALARMS BLARING. Henderson rushes out, leaving a bewildered Dagwood behind.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Henderson goes directly to her weapons station.

LUCAS
A caravan of refugee ships are attempting to cross the Macronesian border into the free zone, but a half-dozen Lysander-class subs are picking them off.

O'NEILL
They're calling for help on every open frequency, sir.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Lysanders swarm all around them the dozen refugee subs, picking them off wherever they can. The refugee subs return fire on the run, but it's largely futile. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

FORD
How long until they make it to the free zone?

HENDERSON
Three minutes, but the Alliance is hitting them hard.

Windom suddenly appears on the vid-link.

WINDOM
Are your sensors malfunctioning, Commander?

FORD
No.

WINDOM
Then surely you see what's happening out there.

FORD
I'm well aware of it, Captain.

WINDOM
Then what the hell are we waiting for?

FORD
They are still in Macronesian waters. Until they reach the free zone, we can't get involved.

WINDOM
They may never make it to the free zone, Commander... while the two most powerful boats in the UEO sit and watch.

FORD
Hold your position, Captain.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The refugee caravan is cut down to half it's size by the merciless Lysander subs.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE / INT. COBRA - BRIDGE / INTERCUT

FORD
How far are they from the border?

O'NEILL
Three thousand meters.

WINDOM
What's three thousand meters when lives are at stake?

FORD
The difference between peace and war.

WINDOM
And life and death for those refugees.

O'NEILL
They're in the free zone.

Ford springs to action.

FORD
(to vidlink:)
Give the refugees cover across the free zone.

WINDOM
Those that are left.

Windom signs off.

FORD
(to Henderson:)
Launch subfighters. Lock on enemy targets, fire at your discretion.
(to O'Neill:)
Rescue teams to assault crafts.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI / INT. COBRA - BRIDGE

The Cobra cuts off the Lysanders from the refugees and opens fire on the attackers. The refugee ships flee to SeaQuest, which shelters them in a protective blanket of plasma laser fire and subfighter cover.

Windom's female executive officer, LT. HARKIN, turns to him.

HARKIN
They're running, sir.

WINDOM
Not fast enough. Get them, Harkin.

The Lysanders turn and go back the way they came, the Cobra giving chase.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

O'NEILL
The Macronesians are retreating across the free zone.

FORD
Very good.
(then:)
Identify damaged ships, deploy rescue teams and prepare the med bay for casualties. Tell the seaworthy crafts to fall into line behind us.

LUCAS
Sir, the Cobra is in pursuit.

FORD
What? How far are they from the Macronesian border?

LUCAS
They've crossed it.

And on Ford's fury:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Cobra follows the Lysanders beyond a ridge to REVEAL AN ATTACK SUB, which OPENS FIRE.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE / INT. COBRA - BRIDGE / INTERCUT

Ford has Windom on the vidlink. Clearly, the Cobra is in the midst of battle.

WINDOM
You afraid you'll lose your parking spot? We can use your help out here.

FORD
Return to the free zone immediately.

Windom can barely hold his anger in check.

WINDOM
We've got them on the run, Commander. With SeaQuest, they don't stand a chance.

FORD
Our mission is to protect the refugees, Captain, not invade Macronesia.

WINDOM
You want me to run from a fight we can win?

FORD
I want you to follow orders, Captain. And yours are to return to the free zone now.

Windom, furious, signs off. He stews for a moment then reluctantly turns to Lt. Harkin.

WINDOM
Break off the attack. Set a course for the free zone, full ahead.

HARKIN
But sir...

WINDOM
Do it.

Harkin nods, does as she's told.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Cobra makes a sharp turn, breaking off her attack, and charges back the way it came.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

O'Neill reads his console.

O'NEILL
The Cobra is back in the free zone, sir.

FORD
And the Alliance ships?

O'NEILL
No sign of them, sir.

And on Ford's look, we CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

CHYRON: SOUTH CHINA SEA. A large, private SUB-YACHT hovers in the empty waters.

INT. SUB-YACHT - DRAWING ROOM

Remember Brideshead Revisited? Stick any three of that castle's reception rooms together, add a few high-tech monitors, and you've got the general idea. Charles Hudson relaxes easily on a gigantic leather sofa; his son is much less comfortable, pacing like a lion in a zoo.

CHARLES
Relax, Oliver, this isn't a cage.

HUDSON
Not one that you can see, anyway.

CHARLES
(smiles)
Is it so painful to accept that you're entitled to this life?

HUDSON
I'll earn my own way, thank you.

Charles shrugs.

CHARLES
The charter on this boat is $50,000 a day. If you don't have cash, I'll take a voucher.

Hudson shoots his father a tight smile. That's when a voice comes from a monitor.

STEWARD'S VOICE
Sir, there's a shuttle requesting permission to dock.

CHARLES
Granted.
(to Hudson)
You can stop worrying you might enjoy yourself. This is the man we're waiting for.

EXT. SUB-YACHT (CGI)

As a small shuttle docks with the yacht.

INT. SUB-YACHT DRAWING ROOM

Hudson regards his father suspiciously as a BOSUN'S WHISTLE plays over the intercom and the steward's voice speaks.

STEWARD'S VOICE
Passenger on board, sir.

CHARLES
Send him in.

HUDSON
Who is it?

CHARLES
The least of many evils, of course.
(off Hudson's look)
You're not going to like this, Oliver. But this is my world you're in now. If you want my help, don't interfere.

Before Hudson can answer, the door swings open, revealing Stassi. Hudson is shocked and angry.

HUDSON
Stassi?

Stassi is almost as surprised as Hudson.

STASSI
(to Charles)
What's he doing here?

CHARLES
I'm sure the Captain would like to ask the same thing about you.
(then, smiling:)
Sit, I implore you both.

Hudson and Stassi continue to stand, eyeing each other warily.

STASSI
I do not feel comfortable talking in front of this man.

CHARLES
I don't see you have much of a choice, General. Say your piece, or leave.

Stassi hesitates, then:

STASSI
Let me make one thing clear before we go any further: I am not a traitor. What I do, I do for my country.

CHARLES
Your people deserve a leader who thinks about them, not his personal power.

HUDSON
Leader?

Hudson is about to object further, but Charles whips around and gives him a look so fierce it silences. Yes, there is one man in the world who can do this to Hudson.

CHARLES
The Macronesian people are suffering under Bourne. So are my investments. We have a mutual interest in freeing your country.

STASSI
But you will still be looking for a profit.

Charles shrugs ※ of course, that's business.

CHARLES
You simply agree to return all Deon assets that Bourne nationalized and give up his stake in the company.

STASSI
And in return?

CHARLES
The arms you need※ and my assurance the UEO will not get involved in your "political realignment."
(then:)
And you'll have a turret on the Deon Platform, at discount, of course.

Hudson grimaces. But he knows better to interfere now. Stassi considers the offer, then:

STASSI
It is done.

He puts out his hand. Charles shakes it warmly. Stassi turns and, with a quick look at Hudson, leaves the room. Hudson stares at his father, who turns to the intercom.

CHARLES
(into intercom)
Our guest is leaving. Make sure he goes unobserved.
(to Hudson)
Any other little problems that need taking care of?

Hudson is not amused.

HUDSON
Do you have any idea what you've done?

CHARLES
I've kept the Deon platform out of Bourne's hands.

HUDSON
By thrusting half the world into a bloody civil war.

CHARLES
The other half of the world. Which should make life substantially safer for everyone on this side.

Hudson can only stare at his father across the gulf that separates them. He takes a breath to calm himself, then starts again.

HUDSON
Stassi is no better than Bourne. As soon as he's taken care of his internal problems, he'll launch his own attack against the UEO.

Charles smiles sadly and settles into an easy chair.

CHARLES
Good guys, bad guys, it's so simple in the military. Here in the real world, the answers aren't always so clear.

HUDSON
Right and wrong are <u>always</u> clear.

CHARLES
I seem to recall hearing that from you before ✱ just before you said you'd never see me again. And yet, here we are.

Hudson's about to respond when the steward's voice cuts in.

STEWARD'S VOICE
Pardon me, sir, there's a vidlink call for Captain Hudson.

HUDSON
Put him through.

Ford's concerned visage appears on the vidscreen.

FORD
I'm sorry to disturb you, Captain, but we have a major problem here. Captain Windom has staged an incursion into Macronesian waters.

HUDSON
Keep him on our side of the line until I get there. Use force if necessary.

He clicks off the vidscreen and scowls.

CHARLES
Take my jump-jet. You can be at the free-zone in an hour.

Hudson would like to stick that jump-jet where planes don't usually fly. But he knows the importance of speed, so he swallows his pride.

HUDSON
Thank you.

CHARLES
It's always a pleasure to lend my son a hand.

And on his smiling face:

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI

The refugee ships behind her, the Cobra nearby.

INT. SEAQUEST - WARD ROOM

Windom enters, perturbed to find Hudson and Ford waiting for him. Windom makes a point of ignoring Ford as he speaks to Hudson.

WINDOM
We have to talk.

HUDSON
So talk.

WINDOM
I was hoping for a little privacy, Oliver.

HUDSON
You have it.

Windom shoots a glance at Ford, then back to Hudson.

WINDOM
Very well.
(then:)
I've had an opportunity to view Commander Ford's abilities in battle and I find them severely lacking.

Ford starts to comment, but Hudson holds up his hand, cutting him off.

HUDSON
In what regard?

WINDOM
He doesn't have the back-bone for the job.
(then:)
We could have given those Macronesians a beating that would make Bourne think twice before venturing into the free zone again. But we lost that chance because Commander Ford didn't act at the crucial moment.

FORD
(to Hudson:)
Permission to speak freely, sir.
(off Hudson's nod:)
Captain Windom's personal objectives were not my concern. My mission was to maintain peace along the free zone.

WINDOM
And the best way to do that is to cripple the Macronesian fleet. We could have plowed right through them. By the time Bourne sent reinforcements, we could have liberated the entire Romanche Plain... and given a real boost to the dissident movement.

FORD
But that was not your decision to make.

WINDOM
In battle, you take the opportunities as they come -- because they may not come again.
(to Hudson:)
You know that, Oliver.

HUDSON
What I know is that you violated a direct order, Captain.

This stuns Windom -- he was certain Hudson would be on his side.

WINDOM
The <u>commander</u> doesn't know what the hell he's doing. Allowing him to lead this mission was a mistake. I've got twenty years of experience on him, fifteen as a Captain.

HUDSON
I left him in charge. You questioned his orders in front of the men and undermined his authority in a battle situation. You're lucky I don't bring you up on charges.

WINDOM
Ten years ago, when Admiral Vanalden court-martialed you for violating a direct order, I was the only person to offer you the XO chair again. I admired the strength of your convictions, the UEO be damned.
(then:)
Apparently, I misjudged you.

Hudson flinches, but before he can say anything, Lucas' voice comes over the COMM.

LUCAS
Captain, excuse me for intruding, but this is important. I've been quietly using a UEO communications satellite to monitor the Deon Platform.

HUDSON
The point, Mr. Wolenczak.

LUCAS
The platform is powering up.

HUDSON
On my way.

And on the three men racing out of the room, we CUT TO:

EXT. MACRONESIAN PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY - CGI

CHYRON: MACRONESIAN PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, GREATER MACRONESIA. A lavish castle befitting a man of Bourne's opulence and ego.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY / EXT. SPACE - CGI / INTERCUT

Bourne sits at his desk, facing PARMENTER on the vidlink, which shows he's calling from Deon Interntional HQ. Stassi stands nearby, not pleased with what he's seeing.

BOURNE
You have the coordinates.

PARMENTER
Coordinates logged and locked, Mr. President.

The Deon Platform turns in space, its turrets zeroing in on a new target.

BOURNE
Then by all means, proceed.

STASSI
But sir, there are three hundred thousand Macronesians on Romanche Colony.

BOURNE
And all of them are traitors, General. Think of the money we're saving our justice system this way, funds that can be better spent caring for the health and welfare of our loyal countrymen.

The Platform FIRES, a PLASMA LASER BLAST scorching down towards earth.

EXT. ROMANCHE COLONY - CGI/STOCK

A typical underwater colony, not unlike the many we've seen before. Peaceful, alight with life, nestled in blue tranquility until THE LASER BEAM hits it from above, obliterating it in a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT. An instant later, all that remains are RUINS.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Hudson, Ford and Windom are gathered around Lucas, who takes off his headset and looks grim.

LUCAS
The Romanche colony has been destroyed.

Windom, as disgusted with Hudson as he is with the Macronesians, walked out. And on Hudson's anger and frustration, we CUT TO:

EXT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - CGI/STOCK

CHRYON: DEON INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

McGath and the board of directors are furious...with the exception, of course, of Alexander Bourne, who sits calmly at the head of the table.

MCGATH
Using the Deon Platform to massacre your political rivals
(MORE)

MCGATH (CONT'D)
is an outrage, not only to this board, but to the entire human race.

BOURNE
What is outrageous, Mr. Secretary, is that even as our nation mourns this horrific accident, the UEO is trying to use this unprecedented tragedy for political gain.

MCGATH
Do you expect us to believe that, of all the places on earth, the Platform "accidentally" annihilated the heart of the Macronesian dissident movement?

BOURNE
What you believe really doesn't matter. Larry Deon is no longer in control of this company ▪ I am. As of now, I'm dissolving the board and taking possession of the Deon Platform to ensure our safety.

MAN'S VOICE
I don't think so, Al.

All heads turn in the direction of the voice...to find LARRY DEON, alive and well, sauntering into the room, flanked by a dazzlingly beautiful young woman, his PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

DEON
But I'm sure you had the best interests of the company at heart.

And on everyone's SHOCK, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne can't believe his eyes as Deon comes up beside him. They speak between themselves for a moment:

BOURNE
You were shot point-blank with a plasma laser... your heart was obliterated.

DEON
Your get well cards and flowers really made the difference.

BOURNE
Last week you were still a vegetable plugged into life-support.

DEON
Actually, that was my assistant. Hit-and-run driver, massive head trauma, a very sad story. But as luck would have it, we have the same blood type. His heart continues to beat in me.

Bourne glances malevolently at Deon's beautiful new assistant.

BOURNE
I wonder what your new assistant's blood type is.

DEON
I don't.

Deon turns to the board members, and takes over Bourne's place at the table, leaving Bourne seething.

DEON
The Deon Platform is staying where it is -- but I am doubling the monthly payment for its use to $100 million.

MCGATH
May I remind you, the Deon Platform was developed with the UEO for its exclusive use... until Bourne somehow found out about it and tried to take over this company.

DEON
I'm as upset as you are -- but now that the secret is out, it really wouldn't be fair to deprive others of this tremendous resource.

MCGATH
At $100 million a month.
(then:)
If I didn't know better, I'd think you leaked the project to Bourne.

Deon hands McGath A DISC.

DEON
Now you know better.

Deon glances at his watch and turns back to the board members.

DEON
This has been very productive. See you all at the company picnic.

Deon leaves, shooting Bourne a smile on his way out.

DEON
You'll understand if you're not invited this year.

And on Bourne's anger, and McGath pondering the disc, we CUT TO:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - DEON'S OFFICE - DAY

Deon comes in and closes the door.

DEON
Bourne is on his way back to the Presidential Palace. If he's smart, he'll start packing when he gets there.

Deon turns, to face the BACK OF HIS DESK CHAIR.

DEON
You like the chair? Corinthian leather. I can get you one if you like.

His desk chair swivels around to REVEAL STASSI sitting behind the desk.

DEON
Think of it as an inauguration gift, Mr. President.

Stassi rises from his seat, not amused.

STASSI
You, of all people, should know the price of under-estimating Alexander Bourne. Success is far from assured.

DEON
No wonder you're still middle-management. Forward thinking, Admiral, that's what separates leaders from followers.

STASSI
That, and a space-based weapons system.

DEON
You'll get your little toy in due time, Admiral. There are a few moves left before this game is over.

STASSI
This isn't a game. The future of my country and the fate of her people is riding on this transaction. Even if we succeed, our struggle has only begun.

DEON
All the more reason to comfortable furniture.

Deon spin the chair.

DEON
Corinthian leather, hand-stitched by some gnarled old craftsman. All the world leaders have one.

Stassi leans on the desk, getting in Deon's face.

STASSI
The difference between me and Alexander Bourne is that I am not doing this for the trappings of power. I am doing this for a better Macronesia. And time is short.

Stassi marches out. Deon looks after him, a smile on his face.

DEON
(to himself:)
Strictly middle-management material, no question about it.

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

as Charles tends to his orchids. A commotion draws his attention...UEO SOLDIERS, weapons out, stream into the greenhouse, Charles in their gunsights. An OFFICER steps forward.

OFFICER
Charles Hudson, I'm placing you under arrest for treason.

CHARLES
On who's authority?

The soldiers part, and McGath steps forward.

MCGATH
Mine, Charles.

And on Charles' shock, we CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI/STOCK

SeaQuest, Cobra, and the refugee ships as we left them.

INT. SEAQUEST - CAFETERIA

Lucas sits at a table, covered with papers, leaning intently as he works on his LAPTOP. Dagwood comes up behind him.

DAGWOOD
What are you doing?

LUCAS
Trying to figure out how to disable the Deon Platform. But without the schematics, it's useless. I understand the theory, but not the details.

DAGWOOD
I think I have the same problem.

Lucas motions him to sit down.

LUCAS
Something I can help you with?

DAGWOOD
I'm trying to send Rachel a love letter.

LUCAS
I think I'll have better luck disabling the Platform.
(off his look:)
You understand the theory, so the details. Well, you should say somewhere you love her, but not unless she said it first, in which case, say you care about her, but not so much that she feels you care more than she does. Never, ever, say she's "very special," because that means you're dumping her, which you don't want to do, unless you know she's dumping you first.
(then:)
Does that help?

Dagwood looks at him for a long moment, then stands up.

DAGWOOD
Good luck with the platform.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Hudson approaches Ford, who is at the con, deep in thought. Henderson and O'Neill are at their stations. O'Neill, listening to something on his headset, looks troubled.

HUDSON
Status?

FORD
All quiet ※ for now. But UEO intelligence reports violent uprisings between dissidents and Macronesian security forces in Vema, Sierra Leone, and across the Pernambuco Abyssal Plain.

HUDSON
Then it won't be quiet in the free zone for long.

FORD
Bourne's actions don't make any sense. Why decimate the Romanche Colony, sparking the bloodiest conflict yet within his own borders, and at the same time provoke a fight with the UEO in the free zone?

HUDSON
I don't know, Commander. But we have to be ready for anything.

That's when Captain Windom marches in, followed by a phalanx of ARMED UEO SECURITY OFFICERS, who immediately take positions throughout the bridge. Windom comes right up to Hudson.

WINDOM
I'm relieving you of command, Captain.

HUDSON
Like hell you are.

Two ARMED GUARDS come up on either side of Hudson.

WINDOM
By order of the secretary general, I'm placing you under arrest for violation of article 15-7, subsection six, of the UEO Charter.

HENDERSON
Article 15-7, Subsection six?

HUDSON
Treason, Lieutenant.

The shock among the bridge crew is palpable. Windom hands Ford a paper. Ford glances at it, then gives it back, meeting Hudson's gaze.

WINDOM
(to Hudson:)
I used to respect you.

FORD
The papers are in order, sir.

Windom looks at Hudson with contempt.

WINDOM
Get that man off my boat.

Windom motions to the soldiers. Ford looks as if he might do something, but Hudson stops him with a look.

HUDSON
You have your orders, commander.

The soldiers lead Hudson away. Ford shoots a furious look at O'Neill, who looks away guiltily.

FORD
Why wasn't I informed they were boarding?

But before O'Neill can answer, Windom answers for him.

WINDOM
Because Mr. O'Neill is a UEO officer who obeys orders. If you want to stay on this boat, you'll follow his example.

FORD
Yes, sir.

Windom addresses himself to the bridge crew.

WINDOM
I'm Captain Windom. As of this moment, I am taking command of SeaQuest. I'm no happier about this than you are, but I remind you all that our duty and allegiance is to the UEO, not Captain Hudson. Is that clear?

There are no objections. Windom motions to the remaining soldiers, who march out. Windom settles into the captain's seat and takes it all in.

WINDOM
Helm, chart a course to Vema Colony, full ahead.

FORD
That's well inside Macronesian territory.

WINDOM
I'm glad you know your geography, commander. It's also the new flashpoint for the dissident uprising.
(to O'Neill:)
Tell the Cobra to maintain position.

FORD
Sir, that will leave the free zone unprotected.

Windom glares at him.

WINDOM
For ten years, the Cobra was the flagship of the UEO fleet and pride of the open sea. Besides, when we are done, there won't be any need for protection.
(then:)
SeaQuest is going to lead the dissident attack against Macronesia.

And on Ford's fury, we CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A VIDSCREEN

showing Charles Hudson's conversation with Stassi on the yacht-sub.

CHARLES
#my assurance that the UEO will not get involved in your "political realignment."

INT. UEO HEADQUARTERS MCGATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Charles Hudson sits stonily across from McGath, who snaps off the vidscreen. Next to Charles sits WALTER GRANT, a lawyer in a suit worth more than McGath's entire wardrobe.

MCGATH
I'm praying to God there's an explanation for this, Charles.

GRANT
My client demands to know how
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
you got surveillance footage purporting to be photographed on his private property.

McGath looks angrily at Charles ▒ is this really the way he wants to play it? Charles gives him nothing back.

MCGATH
You have no idea how bad this is, do you, Charles?

GRANT
My client is innocent of all charges.

McGath ignores the lawyer and presses directly into Charles.

MCGATH
You think the world is your playpen, but your outrageous actions have consequences.
(into intercom)
Send him in.

A door slides open and Hudson is led in in electronic handcuffs. Charles stares, stunned. Hudson gives them both a tight smile.

CHARLES
What kind of game is this?

MCGATH
Yours, Charles. Now it's your move.

Charles thinks, then:

CHARLES
(to Grant)
Leave us.

Grant begins to object, but Charles cuts him off with a look. He leaves. Charles turns the power of his wrath on McGath.

CHARLES
Free my son.

McGath waves a device over Hudson's cuffs, and they spring open. Hudson meets McGath's eyes.

MCGATH
Do you have something to say for yourself?

HUDSON
Andrew Windom is not qualified to captain seaQuest. You are jeopardizing the entire region by leaving him in command.

MCGATH
No, Captain, you did that when you met with Stassi. Do you realize how much harm you've done to the UEO?

CHARLES
If you've watched the tape, you know my son has done nothing wrong. Stop this farce before you embarrass yourself, Arthur.

McGath aims his fury at Charles.

MCGATH
If you two are convicted of treason, I will be forced to resign as well. Picture the UEO trying to confront Bourne once its political, financial, and military heads have been lopped off ※ there's your farce.

Hudson contemplates the picture and realizes just how grim the situation is.

MCGATH
I need to know everything you and your father have done.

CHARLES
Don't say a word, Oliver.

Hudson doesn't even glance at his father.

HUDSON
There was just that one meeting between the three of us. We were attempting to broker a deal that would keep the Deon Platform out of Bourne's hands.

McGath stares at Hudson, disappointed beyond words.

MCGATH
Is that your story?

HUDSON
It's the truth.

McGath sighs and hits the play button on the vidlink console.

MCGATH
It's amazing how much information you can fit on one of these things.

He pops the disc in the player. The VIDSCREEN shows ENCODED DEON INTERNATIONAL TRANSMISSIONS. Hudson is confused. Charles isn't ▒ he's horrified.

HUDSON
What is this?

MCGATH
Proof of treason, Captain. Transmissions from your father to Alexander Bourne informing him about the Deon Platform ▒ months before your "one meeting."

Hudson stares at his father, shocked. Charles won't meet his gaze.

MCGATH
Perhaps you would like time to rethink your stories. You have half an hour before I turn you both over to Section Seven.

And with that, McGath stalks out.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Windom sits at the con, staring intently at the screen.

WINDOM
Range.

FORD
Ten thousand meters to Vema colony.

WINDOM
(to Lucas:)
WSKRS on long range scan.
(to Ford:)
Go to red alert. Flood forward tubes. Pilots to subfighters.

FORD
Yes, sir.

The bridge goes to RED ALERT. Everyone prepares for battle.

WINDOM
Stay sharp, people. This battle could be Macronesia's death knell.

FORD
It is my duty to remind you this invasion constitutes an act of war.

WINDOM
Subducting San Diego was an act of war, Commander. This is a rescue mission. The dissidents need a fighting chance.
(to Lucas:)
How many attack subs are attacking Vema?

LUCAS
WSKRS aren't detecting any.

Windom whirls around towards Lucas, furious.

WINDOM
Run a complete diagnostic. We can't go into battle blind.

LUCAS
I have, sir. There are no malfunctions.

Ford and Lucas share a worried look.

WINDOM
That's what they'd like us to think. My guess is they've intercepted the WSKR data stream and are feeding us false readings.

O'NEILL
Approaching Vema Colony, sir.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

as the SeaQuest comes on VEMA COLONY...everything looks peaceful.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Windom stares at the screen in disbelief.

WINDOM
Where are they?

Ford and Lucas share a concerned look.

O'NEILL
I'm intercepting a distress call from Vema colony. They're under attack.

WINDOM
Just as I thought, it's a trick. Launch subfighters. Fire plasma lasers, random pattern omega-six.

O'Neill looks at him.

O'NEILL
Sir, they're calling the Alliance High Command. It's us they're afraid of.

WINDOM
What?

HENDERSON
They're powering up their laser cannon array and locking on us.

Windom rises from his seat and steps towards the main vid-screen.

WINDOM
We came to help them. I don't understand.

FORD
I do.

Ford takes the con.

FORD
(to Lucas:)
Retract WSKRS.
(to O'Neill:)
Tell the Cobra to go to Red Alert.
(to Piccolo:)
Helm, get us to the free zone, rig for emergency speed.

PICCOLO
Aye, sir.

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI/STOCK

as it rockets forward, leaving behind a wake of super-heated water.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

FORD
(to Windom:)
The UEO intelligence was false. You did exactly what Bourne wanted you to do. It's why he chased refugees into the free zone and destroyed Romanche Colony.

HENDERSON
(realizing:)
He wanted us to attack... and leave the free zone unprotected.

O'NEILL
I can't reach the Cobra, sir.

Windom, horrified, turns to Ford.

WINDOM
The Macronesians are invading. And I opened the door.

FORD
All sensors on long-range scan.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Cobra is under intense bombardment by Lysanders. ANGLE WIDENS to show SCORES OF ATTACK SUBS and Lysanders still coming.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

LUCAS
I'm detecting...
(looks up:)
At least five Macronesian Attack subs and a dozen Lysander-class subfighters...maybe more.

HENDERSON
The Cobra is under heavy attack.

Windom sags, almost as if he's taken a blow.

LUCAS
I'm reading hull breaches on four decks.

FORD
Can we get there any faster?

LUCAS
Not fast enough.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Lysanders swarm over the embattled Cobra...which shudders and EXPLODES INTO BITS. And on the Macronesian subs streaming by, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The SeaQuest is in the heat of battle, it's LASERS FIRING, as Lysanders strafe her. SeaQuest subfighters attack, taking out TWO LYSANDERS. But while the SeaQuest is engaged in battle, even more Macronesian ships are streaking past her into the sea beyond.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Red Alert. Everyone scrambling. This is war. The SeaQuest is rocked by a HIT. Ford is clearly in command. Windom stands to one side, a broken man.

LUCAS
Plasma torpedo hit, launch bay two. We've got a hull breach.

FORD
(into com:)
Rescue Teams to Launch Bay Two, get those people out of there.

O'NEILL
We've lost another WSKR. We're down to four.

HENDERSON
Attack sub, dead astern.

FORD
Flood tubes Bravo 1-4, fire when ready.

HENDERSON
Torpedoes away.

The SeaQuest is hit AGAIN. Smoke and sparks everywhere.

O'NEILL
The Wallengren Rise is under attack.

PICCOLO
I don't get it -- if they kept those forces here, they could have already sunk us.

FORD
They still might ⁂ their
(MORE)

FORD (CONT'D)
priority now is to keep us occupied while they grab as much territory as they can.

WINDOM
Commander, fire all our flash warheads and EMP mines, timed to detonate simulatenously.

FORD
What good would that do?

WINDOM
The electromagnetic pulse and somaluminscent field should scramble their sensors long enough for us to dive into the Sprague Trench at emergency speed.

Ford looks at him with utter contempt.

FORD
Are you suggesting we run and hide?

WINDOM
I'm "suggesting" we're not doing the people of Wallengren Rise any good here.

The SeaQuest is ROCKED by another explosion. Ford makes a tough choice. He turns to Henderson.

FORD
Recall subfighters. Launch EMP mines and flash warheads when ready.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

SeaQuest launches the MINES and WARHEADS. And instant later, they DETONATE, enveloping the immediate area in a tremendous ENERGY PULSE. The Lysanders SPIN out of control, some even EXPLODING. When the PULSE clears, SeaQuest is GONE.

INT. MCGATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hudson paces like a caged jungle cat. Charles, an air of ease about him, reclines in McGath's chair.

HUDSON
How did McGath get that information?

CHARLES
From Deon, of course. He and Stassi must be in league together.
(chuckles)
Must say it took me by surprise. I didn't think the general had it in him.

Hudson just shoots him a look and keeps pacing.

CHARLES
Relax, Oliver. My lawyer's out reminding a few key members of the UEO General Assembly about the favor's I've done for them. We'll be out in half an hour.

HUDSON
Maybe we shouldn't be.
(then:)
You gave Alexander Bourne the information about the platform, didn't you?

CHARLES
A small case of insider trading. At worst, they'll ban me from the markets for a day.

Hudson stares at his father, unable to believe what he's hearing.

HUDSON
You may have tipped the balance of world power irrevocably towards a bloodthirsty dictator.

CHARLES
The balance of power tips hourly. The trick is to guess which way before the markets catch up.

Hudson feels a lifetime of anger rise up in him.

HUDSON
You may have sentenced the entire free world to death, and all you can see is your own wallet.

Charles starts to object, but Hudson cuts him off.

HUDSON
Nothing else matters to you, not freedom, not humanity, just money.

CHARLES
What matters to me is my family.

Hudson turns on him, amazed at his self-deception.

HUDSON
You care nothing for your family. For years, you begged me to come back to you. And when I finally did ※

CHARLES
(interrupting)
It was the happiest moment of my life.

HUDSON
-- You used me as a pawn in one of your cheap schemes.

CHARLES
It wasn't like that.

HUDSON
It was <u>always</u> like that. All I've ever been to you is one more piece to move around on the board.

CHARLES
Don't you understand? I did this all for you.

Hudson stares at him, a terrible understanding beginning to dawn.

HUDSON
You gave Bourne the Platform so I'd have to come to you for help.

CHARLES
I knew it was the only way to see you again.

HUDSON
You risked destroying the world.

CHARLES
For a few last days with my son. And I'd do it again.

Hudson sinks into a chair, torn by his loathing of what his father has done ▓ and his first awareness that the old man really does care for him. That's when McGath comes in, scowling.

MCGATH
I don't know what dirty secrets or covert deals you have with the security council, but they're pardoning you both.

They rise to go.

MCGATH
Before you start celebrating, you should know that Bourne has invaded the free zone. Your "freedom," and the rest of the world's, may be very short-lived.

McGath storms out. Hudson turns to his father.

CHARLES
We can't let this happen.

HUDSON
Isn't it a little late to start caring?

CHARLES
I created this problem, and I can fix it. I didn't give Alexander Bourne everything I have on the Platform.

Hudson thinks for a moment, then:

HUDSON
Do you know how to reach him?

CHARLES
There isn't anybody I can't reach.

HUDSON
Come with me.

And as the Hudsons rush out, we CUT TO:

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI/STOCK

as the SeaQuest speeds through the sea.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Ford paces behind the con. Windom sits impotently in the chair.

FORD
ETA to Wallengren Rise?

PICCOLO
Twenty minutes sir.

FORD
Is that enough time?

WINDOM
I doubt it.

HENDERSON
Long-range sensors are picking up five Macronesian attack subs closing in on our position.

O'NEILL
I've got Captain Hudson on priority channel.

FORD
On screen.

INT. SHUTTLE / INT. SEAQUEST BRIDGE - INTERCUT

Captain Hudson and Charles are in a shuttle.

HUDSON
Ensign Wolenczak, I'm transmitting the datalinks and schematics for the Deon Platform, along with my coded instructions.

Lucas stares at his console.

LUCAS
Yes sir, I'm decrypting them now.

HUDSON
How's she holding up, Commander?

FORD
Barely, sir. But we're not going down without a fight.

Lucas looks up from his console.

LUCAS
Captain ▓ I'm not sure I can pull this off, even if I had a week.

HUDSON
You have an hour. Hudson out.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Deon and Stassi study the VIDLINK, which displays a graphic showing the Macronesian encroachment across the free zone.

DEON
Congratulations, Admiral, Macronesia is about to take Wallengren Rise.

STASSI
While within Macronesia, people starve. I don't see any cause for celebration... yet.

Stassi moves to the Deon Platform control console.

STASSI
Now is the time to strike, while President Bourne is absorbed in his invasion.

DEON
What shall we destroy, Admiral? Brisbane? Sydney?

STASSI
The Presidential Palace will do.

Deon types a few keys, then motions to Stassi.

DEON
Be my guess.

Stassi shakes his head.

DEON
It's a lot of fun...

Still, Stassi stands firm. Deon shrugs and hits the button.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The Deon Platform spins, targets, and FIRES.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

as it's HIT by a laser blast and BLOWN APART.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Deon reads something off the console.

DEON
Done.
(then:)
And you thought staging a coup would be hard.

Deon turns to see Stassi pointing a PLASMA LASER GUN at him. Deon smiles.

DEON
Is this your way of saying you want to re-negotiate the deal?

STASSI
I'm arresting you for the assassination of President Bourne.

BOURNE'S VOICE
A bit premature.

That's when Stassi is hit by a LASER in the back and crumples to the ground, revealing PRESIDENT BOURNE standing in the door way, a GUN in his hand, flanked by the Hudsons.

BOURNE
Hello, Larry. Where's your assistant?

DEON
Running an errand.

BOURNE
It's a shame, you're going to need her.

Bourne and the Hudsons stride into the room. Hudson goes to the console.

DEON
I never thought I'd see the three of you on the same side.

BOURNE
Charles figured out your tawdry little plot and warned me.

DEON
(to Charles:)
What's in it for you?

CHARLES
President Bourne is recalling his forces from the free zone and assigning me his share of Deon International.

Hudson turns to Deon.

HUDSON
Give me the unlock code, Deon, I'm taking the platform off-line.

Bourne presses his gun in Charles' back.

BOURNE
I don't think so, Captain. You have to destroy SeaQuest first.

And on Hudson's fury, we CUT TO:

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

O'Neill reacts to something he's hearing.

O'NEILL
The Wallengren Rise has fallen, Macronesian forces are swarming over the Canary Abyssal Plain.

Before that has a chance to sink in...

HENDERSON
We're surrounded sir, by five Macronesian Attack subs. They're flooding their tubes.

WINDOM
We don't have the intercepts to take their torpedoes out. Even if we did, we're out-gunned.

FORD
I'm well aware of that, Captain.
(to Lucas:)
Lucas?

Lucas types furiously at his console.

LUCAS
I'm trying, sir. But the algorithms are more complex than anything I've dealt with before.

FORD
Then you better start guessing.

LUCAS
And if I'm wrong?

FORD
We're dead anyway.

And on their concern, we CUT TO:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne uses his free hand to type something into the console.

CHARLES
We had a deal.

BOURNE
You didn't really expect me to honor it, did you?
(then:)
Coordinates plotted. Target locked.

Bourne looks at Hudson, who glares back at him.

HUDSON
I'm not going to destroy my own boat.

BOURNE
Then you can see your father die... right before I kill you and destroy SeaQuest myself. Either way, the deed is done.

Hudson grimaces and brings his fist down on the button.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The Platform turns, targets and FIRES.

INT. OCEAN - CGI

The LASER BEAM breaks through the water, streaks towards SeaQuest... and DESTROYS one of the ATTACK SUBS, following in RAPID SUCCESSION by LASER BLASTS taking out the remaining ATTACK SUBS.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The PLATFORM is rapid-firing lasers from all it's turrets.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Lucas looks up from his console.

LUCAS
It worked, sir. The Platform is systematically destroying the entire Macronesian fleet.

And on Ford's relief, we CUT TO:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne stares at the console in horror.

BOURNE
It's destroying my subs!

CHARLES
You're right, Bourne, we didn't expect you to honor our agreement.

DEON
This is the last time I do business with any of you.

HUDSON
We've reprogrammed the Platform into identifying Macronesian sub sonar signatures as SeaQuest. It's on a continous firing sequence. In fifteen minutes, your entire fleet will be decimated.

BOURNE
And your father will be dead if you don't stop it.

HUDSON
If you're sure that's what you want.

BOURNE
Do it!

Hudson hits a button on the console.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The space platform EXPLODES.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne stares at the vidscreen.

BOURNE
You've destroyed the platform.

HUDSON
I saved your fleet... or what little's left of it.

Deon glares furiously at Hudson.

DEON
Do you have the slightest idea what you've just done?

HUDSON
Restored the balance of power in the world.

BOURNE
For the moment.

Bourne, resigned, lowers his gun and motions to Stassi.

BOURNE
(to Deon:)
Forgive me for leaving a mess.

Bourne turns and walks out

DEON
You missed your calling, Captain. You're a born businessman.

And on Hudson and Charles sharing a look, we CUT TO:

INT. SEAQUEST - CAFETERIA

Dagwood passes a table, where Piccolo, Lucas and Henderson are eating.

PICCOLO
Hey, Dagwood, how's the message coming?

DAGWOOD
I think I know what to say. You were all a big help.

Dagwood walks away.

LUCAS
(to Piccolo:)
You were a help?

PICCOLO
I know how a woman thinks.

LUCAS
You don't even know how you think.

HENDERSON
Neither one of you have a clue. What Dagwood needed was a woman's perspective.

PICCOLO
Dagwood is in trouble now.

And as they continue to bicker, we FIND Dagwood at the VIDLINK.

DAGWOOD
Hi, Rachel. It's me, Dagwood. I miss you.

HE SMILES AND HITS A BUTTON. AND AS THE WORD SEND APPEARS ON SCREEN, WE CUT TO:

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - DAY

As a Jeep pulls up and TWO ARMED SOLDIERS get out. They march up to the front door and confront Ben.

SOLDIER
We're here for Captain Hudson.

BEN
Yes, sir.

INT. TWELVE OAKS GREENHOUSE - DAY

Hudson lowers a young orchid plant into the hole his father has just dug.

CHARLES
Careful ※ if you bruise the bulb, it will never bloom.

HUDSON
Yes, sir.

That's when Ben leads in the soldiers.

SOLDIER
Captain Oliver Hudson?

HUDSON
I'm ready.

CHARLES
Can't you give us a few minutes?

SOLDIER
We have orders from Secretary General McGath himself to escort Captain Hudson back to seaQuest as quickly as possible.

HUDSON
Wait out side for a moment. I'll be right there.

The soldiers nod and leave.

HUDSON
I don't know how you squeezed McGath to get me my boat back, but thank you.

CHARLES
Just be gentle with him for a few days. He's a good man ⁂ for a politician. Besides, with Deon back at his company and Bourne consolidating his empire, we need him on our side.

There's an awkward moment between them, then:

CHARLES
You'd better get going.

HUDSON
I'll never approve of what you did...
(then:)
But I can respect why you did it.

CHARLES
Respect?

HUDSON
It's a first step.

He turns to go, then turns back:

HUDSON
I have some leave coming up. Maybe I could stop by to check on my orchid.

CHARLES
I hope you will.

The two men share a hearty handshake, then Hudson leaves. And on Charles watching him go:

FADE OUT

THE END